

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 111

“What’s the matter?” Tony asked impassively.

Elliot gloated at once. “What else do you think? Old Master Hart nearly spat blood in anger after you and Myra’s public display of affection at Wilson Golf Club.”

“Well, he can pretend that he didn’t see me then.” Tony leisurely leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes. Won’t I be yelled at if I call him back? Since they’re so desperate for a granddaughter-in-law, I’ll bring one back.

Meanwhile, Sean took Lyla and Eve back to the Chase Residence after the incident at Chase Group. Eve didn’t agree to go home at first, but she had to keep her temper after watching the video Sean showed her.

Honestly, she didn’t quite believe that Myra would do something unfair to them, but what Myra did in the video forced her to be suspicious. Do I... really not understand Myra at all?

Sean had asked Lyla to go downstairs for the time being, leaving only him and Eve in the bedroom at this moment.

Looking as though she had grown ten years older in an instant, Eve felt quite bad upon seeing her son standing at one side in silence. “Sean, I know that you probably learned about what I’ve done to Lyla since she has come back to you. That’s right—I met Lyla back then and asked her to leave you. But I did this for a reason, son... Do you hate me for my actions? Do you hate me because I wanted you to marry Myra although you love Lyla and not her?”

Sean stood stubbornly in place without saying a word, but Eve could tell what he was thinking. She continued with a sigh, “You won’t understand it... You’re totally obsessed with Lyla right now, but you’ll regret it someday... You know what? Not only is Myra a kind-hearted lady,

Suddenly, she coughed heavily before she could finish her sentence. Seeing that her face had turned red from coughing, Sean found himself unable to bear the sight. “Stop talking, Mom. I know that you like Myra, but please don’t care about this matter anymore. Now that Lyla and I are finally back together after being separated for two years, I don’t want to break up with her again.”

“No, Sean... You mustn’t divorce Myra...” Eve took a deep breath. “At the very least, you can’t do that right now... Sean, had you been nicer to Myra, she wouldn’t have been too hard on you for being together with Lyla. You can keep that woman as a mistress, but you mustn’t make her your wife. A woman like her will only come to you at the most glorious moment of your life. Once you’re in dire straits, only a woman like Myra will never leave you!”

Sean didn't utter a sound, for he knew that his mother liked Myra and hated Lyla. Lyla was inferior to Myra; she wasn't from a family like the Starks, nor could she give him the Stark Group's 20 percent of shares that Myra had given to him back then. However, now that the money Myra invested in the company back then had become worthless right now, why would his mother still want him to be together with Myra?! "Stop it, Mom—" Sean muttered. "It's my own business, so I know what to do."

"You don't have the slightest idea!" Eve suddenly chastised with emphasis before coughing with emotion. "You're completely unaware that the late Old Master Stark has left a will behind, and the vast fortune of Stark Group is willed not to his son, but to his granddaughter! You just have to be patient for a while longer so that Myra gives you everything! My effort all these years would've bore fruit, yet you hurt Myra for Lyla's sake. Do you think that she'll still hand Stark Group over to you now?!"

Eve coughed violently again after finishing her sentence, but Sean forgot to help her relieve her cough this time. Instead, he stared at his mother in shock.

The Stark Family had only two daughters, so its fortune would end up belonging to the families of the daughters' respective husbands; this was part of the reason why his mother had settled on Myra back then. However, the late Old Master Stark actually bequeathed all of Stark Family's wealth to his granddaughter instead of his son in his will!

Sean furrowed his brows upon hearing Eve's words. "Is that true, Mom?!"

"It's absolutely true!" Eve took a few deep breaths. "I accidentally overheard the late Old Master Stark saying so to another man while I was dining at Ritz Carlton one day. Otherwise,

why would I have been so determined to let you marry Myra? Besides, Myra really is a nice lady, so I thought that the both of you would be happy together in the end, but I didn't expect... Sean, even if you call the police for what happened with Hillville, nothing will be done against Myra. You know as well that the evidence isn't sufficient; Myra doesn't have the trade secrets in her hands, nor do you have proof of her dealing with Hart Group. All of this is totally insufficient to convict her, so it's useless no matter whether she was the one who stole the trade secret or not. But now, you must depend on her for help with what happened with Hillville; you must work hard to appease her. At the very least, you must do it right now! Otherwise—"

Before she could finish her speech, she was interrupted by an urgent ringtone. Sean frowned and saw that his cell phone was ringing; it was a phone call from Richard.

Eve motioned him to pick up the phone, which he did after thinking for a moment. As soon as he answered the call, Richard's anxious voice could be heard over the phone. "Bad news, Director Chase. A few people died during the construction work of Marina Bay Bridge two years ago. Now the incident has been dug up, and the blame is being put on Chase Group!"

"What?!" Sean instantly raised his voice. As his cell phone had sound leakage issues, Eve heard Richard's words very clearly, and her face turned pale at once.

"What should we do, Director Chase?" This was the first time Richard had come across such a serious matter. This matter was different from the company's insolvency crisis, for someone would be taken into criminal custody! Moreover, the person to be taken into criminal custody would either be the person responsible for the incident, or the company's lawful representative. Moreover, Sean was also the person responsible for the incident back then...

Eve instantly fainted upon hearing Sean's words.

Sean could no longer pay attention to Richard; he hung up right away and tried to shake Eve awake. "Mom! Mom, are you okay?!"

The bedroom door quietly opened a crack first before Lyla quietly closed the door again. She didn't expect to overhear such a piece of shocking news by accident.

That explains it... Lyla had always felt that Eve spoiled and trusted Myra to a completely blind degree, but it turned out that Eve wasn't blind. She merely had her eye on the Stark Family's last bit of advantage...

It's regrettable, though... Lyla glanced at the news report she had just seen on her cell phone. The Stark Group's successor was expecting a child at his old age, and the hospital has determined that the child would be a boy.

Myra will be a nobody once the boy is born... At the thought of this, Myra's mouth curved into a sneer.

Sebastian swore that he didn't mean anything else; he was only here to take a look at the apartment that his grandson had recently bought.

However, he didn't have the keys to the apartment. He told Elliot to send his unfilial grandson a message by telling the latter to call him so that he could scare the latter, but that b\*stard of a grandson didn't even give him a phone call!

He sneered inwardly. Hmph, just wait until I meet that woman myself.

There were three apartment units after he exited the elevator. One of them belonged to his grandson, so that woman must be living in one of the two remaining units.

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 112

Sebastian had been squatting around since mid-afternoon as he was afraid that he would miss out on the opportunity to bump into Myra otherwise. Since he had even forced himself to skip dinner just to stay around, he felt his tummy rumbling. As he watched the hour hand of his watch turn toward 9.00PM, he started to feel rather displeased. Hmph, she's a woman who stays out late at night! Terrible! Right as he was mumbling to himself under his breath, he heard the ding of the elevator. His eyes immediately lit up without him realizing it himself.

Myra felt completely exhausted as she dragged her body out of the elevator. She was startled when she saw Sebastian standing right in front of her. The building she stayed in had extremely high security; the management wouldn't usually allow for strangers to enter as they pleased. But this man... Myra felt her entire body tensing up. Isn't he Tony's grandfather, Old Master Hart? I saw him once during his birthday feast on the luxurious yacht. What is he doing here? Does he know something about me? Or did he find out about the rumors of me leaking private information to Hart Group?

Sebastian quickly realized the wary gaze in Myra's eyes; this gave him a boost in confidence. "Aren't you going to invite me in?" he asked as he straightened his body. He perked up his lips as he gave Myra a look.

She froze for a moment as she was too stunned to react to him then. The old man continued to glare at her face before he knitted his brows together. "Who did you get into a fight with?" She obviously got those injuries on her face because she fought with someone. "You're a grown woman; how could you still get into fights with others?! How ridiculous!" I'm giving her a bad rating for this! Sebastian continued with his negative evaluation of the woman as he waited for her to open her door anxiously.

Myra seemed rather embarrassed upon hearing his comment. "There were some issues with the Sunny Bay Project yesterday. I was... hit by the workers there..."

"You were hit by the workers?" Sebastian studied all the injuries on her face again. How hard must they have hit her for her to end up like this?! Now, I'm starting to think that my own grandson might be the unreliable one here. Why didn't he protect his own woman?! "Why did you go to the construction site all by yourself? Have you applied some medication to your wounds? Did you make a police report? Were things cleared up with the workers?" Sebastian had some hidden potential when it came to nagging others.

For some reason, Myra only felt more embarrassed when she recognized the hint of concern in the old man's voice. She quickly nodded her head. "The report was made, and I got my wounds treated. The workers were just rioting at the construction site, so things will be settled soon."

After nodding for a moment, Sebastian then frowned as he realized something. "Did you say that this was for the Sunny Bay Project?" He felt like he had heard the name somewhere. Isn't that the name of the project that Mark was talking about when we last chatted? I even misunderstood the relationship between Tony and that girl from the Hay Family then; it seems like... "Ah, you're the one!" Sebastian uttered abruptly.

Myra felt more awkward than ever. For the entire duration of their meeting, Sebastian had been talking to her as if he had known her for a long time. Yet, all his words didn't seem to make any sense to her. Furthermore, she was certain that she had never spoken to the old man in the past.

"All right. Can you invite me in for a cup of tea now?" Sebastian addressed Myra once more; he had successfully obtained some details about his own grandson. Meanwhile, Myra had no choice but to open her door before inviting the old man in. All of the members of the Hart

Family seemed pretty kind to her, so she didn't feel the need to be especially vigilant toward them.

The moment Sebastian stepped into Myra's apartment, he began to inspect the entire place. I'm a picky man, but I do agree that the design of this place is pretty decent. It also looks like someone must clean the place regularly as it seems tidy and spotless.

Myra hastily pulled out a pair of indoor slippers for the old man as he waited at the entrance corridor. However, he frowned when he saw that it was a pair of female slippers. "I'm sorry. I didn't know you were coming over; I only have female slippers here," she said sheepishly. Myra didn't realize anything special about her words—she simply hadn't had the time to prepare anything else since she had just left Chase Residence and moved into her new place a while ago. However, Sebastian perceived her words differently. This indirectly tells me that she has never brought any other men home. It seems like her personal life is a healthy and proper one. With that, the old man concealed the look of disdain on his face as he put his indoor slippers on and walked into the house.

Myra had only moved into the apartment for a short while, so there weren't traces of any other people's belongings in her unit. Sebastian quickly concluded that she wasn't lying to him after he took a quick tour around the apartment. She couldn't have known that I was going to show up here today, right? This inspection has really provided me with some important information. Sebastian nodded his head continuously.

After an entire afternoon of running around outdoors without taking any meals, Myra felt her tummy growling now that she was home. "Would you like to stay for dinner, Old Master Hart? I'm afraid pasta is all I can serve for dinner, though," said Myra as she spoke to the old man beside her casually. Pasta was the only food she had in the fridge.

Sebastian was initially displeased by the idea, but he gave it a little more thought. My grandson is still chasing after this girl, so he probably hasn't tried her cooking, right? The old man felt rather proud of being offered a meal then. However, he only knitted his brows as he turned toward Myra. "Don't expect me to eat it if it doesn't taste good," he uttered with an arrogant look on his face.

For some reason, Myra felt a smile creeping onto her face after she heard the old man's words. He probably doesn't realize how childish he sounds right now, she thought as she simply nodded and walked into the kitchen. She didn't have a lot of ingredients, but she had the basics—beef, eggs, spinach, and so on. After some contemplation, Myra decided that she would prepare some minced beef along with the pasta.

She prepared the dish and poured the gravy on top of the pasta before bringing it out. Sebastian was looking around her study right then. "Dinner's ready," she said as she stuck her head into her study and called for the old man.

He had been going through her study with the hopes of digging some information out of it. But after going through the entire place, all he found were her work documents or project-related files. This girl is clearly a workaholic! I've also found her full name—I really like how it sounds. Myra Stark. Myra Stark... Myra's a name derived from olden days; it translates to 'sweet and gentle'... That's how women are supposed to be...

Once he heard Myra calling for him, he quickly straightened himself before he strode out and went to the dining area. He could already smell the mouth-watering scent before he even entered the area; it only made him more excited to dig in as he was already starving then. However, he was careful not to reveal his emotions. Instead, he put on a blank expression as he stared at the dish in front of him. "Why did you give me so much food? Do you think you're feeding a pig?"

Myra blushed. "No... I was afraid that it wouldn't be enough for you, so I..."

"All right, I was just kidding. Look at you—your face is all red. Someone who doesn't know better might even think that I'm bullying you." He interrupted her words and waved it off before he sat down. Before he started to eat, his gaze flickered all around the room as he pulled his phone out and snapped an image of the food. Then, he began to eat.

The old man felt embarrassed once he finished all the pasta on his plate. He had accidentally finished the entire meal after he referred to it as a portion meant for a pig earlier. Moreover... He looked as if he was about to drool when he addressed Myra after the meal. "Do you have more food, Myra?" She stared at him speechlessly.

Just before she sent him out after dinner, he turned around to ask her a question. "What's your Messenger contact number?"

Myra had spent the entire night dealing with the old man's eccentric personality—she immediately gave her number to him as she knew that there would be no point trying to avoid his question. He typed her number as he walked out of her unit. "I've added you on Messenger; don't forget to accept my request later." He gave Myra a final reminder as she sent him into the elevator.

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 113

Myra didn't know whether to laugh or cry right then. She couldn't seem to figure out the reason Sebastian came over to visit—it made her nervous at the start, but she eventually calmed herself down. Perhaps he misunderstood the situation and came over to thank me. I really didn't leak any confidential information to Hart Group, so Old Master Hart's abrupt actions made me very helpless.

After she sent the old man off, she returned to her unit. Myra's phone on the couch lit up with a new notification, informing her about the new friend request on her Messenger app. She had no choice but to tap on the 'accept' button, and her new friend quickly sent her a message.

'I'll consider you as having passed the test since you made pretty decent noodles.' I'm considered to have passed the test... What is he talking about? His text only left Myra more frustrated than ever. She simply threw her phone aside before she headed into the shower.

When Eve woke up, she realized that Sean had already left to handle other matters at the company. Lyla was the one who stayed around to take care of her instead. However, Eve seemed extremely displeased to see Lyla beside her. "What are you doing here? We don't welcome you here, Miss Fisher. You should have some self-respect; you should walk out yourself before I chase you out."

Lyla didn't seem angered by Eve's words. Instead, she put on a big smile. "Eve, we both have Sean's best interests at heart; whether it was two years ago or two years later. I left him two years ago and gave Myra the opportunity to revive Chase Group's business then. However, things are a lot different now, Eve. Myra can no longer save the Chase Group now, but I can do it. Don't you think you should be a little more polite with me?"

"You can save the Chase Group?" Eve uttered in a sarcastic tone as she mocked Lyla's words, which sounded no different to her than if Lyla were to admit that she was the daughter of the wealthiest men in Bradford City. "How could you save the company when even Myra can't do it? Don't get too arrogant, Miss Fisher; you'll only disappoint yourself more in the end."

"Whether or not I get disappointed is my own issue. Are you sure you don't want me to help, Eve?" Lyla swiftly sat herself down beside the other woman. She was naturally pretty; her looks served as an access card when she mingled around with the upper classes of Bradford City. "There's something else I want to tell you, Eve. Cameron is expecting a son in a few months' time. Soon, that child is going to fight to become the Stark Group's inheritor."

"What did you say?!" Eve exclaimed in a loud voice. After Richard had told her about the issues the company was facing and the traumatic memories of the Hillville project that troubled her, Eve felt like she couldn't handle another shock right then. Nonetheless, Lyla was clearly well-prepared to tell her all about this matter. "I'm just saying that Myra might not inherit the Stark Group. After Cameron's son is born, there wouldn't be enough time to save the Chase Group even if she does inherit the company, right? Furthermore, do you think Myra will still be willing to sacrifice her all just to save the Chase Group after all the hurt that she's been through?"

Eve's face fell immediately. "Stop making false assumptions! Myra isn't that sort of heartless, fickle-minded person!"

"Are you worried that she might be fickle-minded, or are you actually afraid that she wouldn't be able to inherit the Stark Group after her younger brother comes along? Aren't you just worried that she wouldn't be capable of saving the Chase Group?" Lyla's words gave Eve another blow. She then shoved her phone into Eve's hands. "You can read what this says if you don't believe me." Eve hastily took the phone over. Her face turned ghastly pale after she went through all of the reports and articles of Cameron announcing the good news about his son.

Lyla spoke in an icy voice beside her. "At this point, I'm sure you know that you can no longer depend on Myra, Eve. The most you can get from her now is some financial support. However, you know how much she invested in Chase Group in the past; she probably doesn't have too much money right now. If all you wanted was her money, what's the difference in taking my money instead? I've been hustling for the past two years; I'm sure I'll be able to fork out more money than Myra can. Furthermore..." Lyla fixed her gaze directly upon Eve. "I have my ways and connections. I have a way to sell the Chase Group's entire piece of land on Hillville. Although you won't get much of a profit, I can assure you that you wouldn't make a loss. The sales will be enough to fund the Chase Group's capital once more. As long as all the subsequent businesses run smoothly, all of the issues will be solved!"

There was a mixture of emotions surfacing on Eve's face as she listened to Lyla's words. Yeah, I know that I can no longer depend on Myra this time. It's no longer a given for her to

inherit the Stark Group's business now that Cameron has a son, and the Chase Group can no longer wait for that to happen. The price of our stocks has been falling for too long; I get worried just looking at it. I'd definitely be willing to sacrifice some things if there's a good opportunity to get us out of this situation. Lyla is the one who came up with this opportunity, though... Will I be okay with that? Is this woman really here because she truly likes and cares for my son? Can she really help the Chase Group?!

"How do you plan to do that?" Eve asked through gritted teeth. I know that I don't like this woman, but I don't have the time to figure out why now—what matters most is that the Chase Group is saved!

"I have a big client who would like to buy all of the office buildings, commercial buildings and residential lots in Hillville. If you agree for Sean to get married to me, I'll contact that client immediately!" Lyla replied.

"But Sean hasn't gotten a divorce with Myra yet..." Eve hesitated as she spoke.

"It's not hard to get an instant divorce. I can now tell you with great certainty that if Sean were to go to the Civil Affairs Bureau and call for Myra to head over now, she would be able to get the procedure done immediately!" Lyla uttered flatly.

"Why should I believe you? If you're just trying to lie and get yourself married to Sean..."

"The Chase Group is about to collapse. What do you have to be worried about, Eve? Do you think the Chase Group has anything that I'm greedy for at this point?" Lyla sighed and shook her head to exaggerate the frustration she felt. "I've always loved Sean. Why else do you think I've tried so many ways just to come back and help him out? You may not believe me, Eve, but I think there isn't anyone else on Earth who loves Sean more than I do. I can sacrifice everything for him. I'm just here this time because I want to help him through this tough period..." she muttered with a bitter look in her eyes.

Eve changed her mind when she saw the mixture of sadness and determination in Lyla's face. For the past two years, Eve had often seen her son suffering. He never once fancied Myra even though she loved him. They were all young back then; how could he have developed so much hatred for Myra? He was probably just rejecting the idea of being with her! He probably just enlarged the issue with their relationship once he found an issue with it. He might've done this so that he could keep his heart for... If Lyla has a way to save the Chase Group and if she and Sean are both deeply in love with one another... That actually sounds like a perfect scenario, right? I still feel like there's something odd about this, but...

"All right. You have to stick to your words!" Eve took a deep breath. "I'll choose to believe that you're in love with Sean for now, Lyla. I just hope that your days with him in the future... Ah... I just hope the days get better..." I guess all the previous entanglements with Myra should come to an end. I do feel guilty for it, but this guilt isn't bigger than the threat of the Chase Group's bankruptcy. Myra and Sean simply aren't fated for one another. Perhaps in her next life... Eve thought.

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 114

Once he returned to his own condominium, Tony took a shower before he lazed around and pulled his phone out. This was the first time he had ever fiddled with the Messenger application on his phone; he never had the time or interest to do such things in the past. However, after he heard the single, simple word in Myra's voice note to him, he felt as if his heart was immediately soothed by her presence around him. It was almost a compulsion for him to lie on his bed and play the same voice note continuously. "Okay," said Myra's voice note. He pressed to play it again. "Okay." Again. "Okay." He was about to play it another time when his phone started to ring. Naturally, Tony answered the call immediately.

"Are you actually using your phone, Tony? How did you pick up your call so quickly?" Elliot sounded flattered on the other end of the line. Tony's response wasn't pleasant as the voice that came from his phone wasn't the one that he longed to listen to. "Spit it out. What is it?"

"It's a success!" Elliot didn't seem concerned to hear Tony's icy tone on the other end of the call. "Lyla just replied to the message on your phone. She kept thanking you in her message; she sounded almost as though she would get in bed with you if you asked her to!" She doesn't know that she just turned herself into one of our chess pieces, though!

Upon hearing the news, Tony relaxed the muscles between his eyebrows for a short moment. Then, he frowned and gave a slight scoff. Elliot was curious to hear what was going through Tony's mind right then. "Sean's about to get a divorce with Myra. They're free to get married to whoever they want to after this. It's your chance to shine, Tony!"

When Tony recalled how Lyla had arranged for the workers at the construction site to go against Myra, he felt his chest burning with rage once more. "Once the divorce happens, I want you to release the news of Estelle being the new ambassador of the Hart Group's Sunny Bay Project. From then onward, the Hart Group will ban all of Miss Fisher's appearances on any of our advertisements."

Elliot froze for a second before he began to chuckle at the woman's bad luck. "Are you trying to take revenge after what happened with Myra, Tony? She'd be so happy if she found out about what you did for her!"

Would she be happy? All Tony could recall then was the glum, dejected look on her delicate face when she left the restaurant. It seems like I can't bear to see her going through even the slightest trouble, huh? Tony curled his lips into a smirk before he ended the call.

After that, he continued to scroll through his Messenger. He paused for a moment before he decided to type a text in the conversation that followed the short voice note he had been listening to. 'Are you asleep?'

The response popped up on his phone almost immediately. 'No... Is anything the matter?'

He felt an inexplicable sensation brewing in his chest right then. He relaxed his tensed facial muscles as he typed in his message before he could stop himself. 'It's nothing. You should get some rest.'

As he composed his message, Tony recalled what Elliot had told him once. He said that I'll have to be very gentlemanly when I'm trying to chase after a girl; I should include thoughtful and sweet words in my text. Things like 'get some rest', 'good morning', 'good night', 'sweet dreams', 'how have you been lately?' and so on... Tony thought about it for a while longer before he typed an additional 'Good night' at the end of his text with his tense fingers. He then stared at it for a while before he sighed and deleted the last sentence, sending out the rest of the text.

She no longer replied to him this time. He narrowed his eyes before throwing his phone over to his bedside table. 30 minutes later, he picked up his phone once more. It still had the Messenger application open, but he hadn't received the message that he was waiting for. His lips curled into a self-deprecating sneer.

Meanwhile, Myra was no longer certain about her feelings once she received Tony's last text. However, there seemed to be a voice that rang in her head as she lay in silence that

night. You shouldn't fall for a man like him, the voice reminded her. You wouldn't be able to handle it if you have to go through what happened with Sean all over again. Her muscles were rigid for a long time before she finally lowered her phone and put it away.

Tony didn't manage to receive any further texts from Myra that night. Instead, he received a new request on his Messenger. He tapped on it to see a profile with a plate of food as its display picture. He thought that it was some silly account and wanted to ignore it at first, but for some reason, he felt the urge to accept the request that night. Soon enough, the other person texted him an image along with one single sentence.

'Have you ever tried pasta prepared by Myra, Tony?'

Tony didn't need to guess to know who the sender was. However, his face darkened as he stared at the image of the pasta bolognese in his phone. It's late now; it's been a few hours since I last had a meal... I had no idea that the old man actually went to visit Myra! But judging by how things went, they seemed to have got along well with one another, right? Why didn't Myra tell me anything while we were texting on Messenger earlier? Tony felt a surge of annoyance—it seemed to stem from the slight jealousy that he felt right then. He simply let out a cold scoff as he ignored his grandfather's message.

Meanwhile, Sebastian had only gotten Henry to teach him how to use the Messenger application recently. I went through all that trouble just to show myself off in front of Myra. Why is my own grandson ignoring me right now?! The old man pouted before he sent another message over. 'You must be envious and jealous; you must hate me now! Aww! You have no idea how amazing Myra's cooking was—it was really the best. It tasted so good that I almost swallowed my own tongue after I finished her food. Oh, right—I forgot that you've never tasted it. You probably don't understand what I'm talking about. It was so good...'

Tony gave the message a death glare. He was irritated over the fact that one was even allowed to type so many words within a single text message. He ran his fingers all over the screen as he hastily typed out a reply. 'What do you have to be proud of? I've even tasted the soup she made. That pasta is no big deal.' He sent his text message.

According to the old man's understanding of his grandson's cranky personality, Sebastian hadn't expected Tony to respond to his message. To his surprise, he felt his phone vibrating against his pillow right after he climbed into bed with his wife. He immediately picked his phone up and took a look at the response.

His eyebrows trembled in anger when he saw what Tony had written. How dare that brat prepare soup for my grandson! She's not even his girlfriend yet. How could she do that?! He

then stared at his phone furiously as he contemplated how he could respond to Tony. Right then, Lisa turned to look at her husband's phone before she mumbled under her breath. "How childish." He quickly threw his phone aside before he wrapped his arms around his own wife. "I don't want to talk to Tony anymore. You're so much better than him, Lisa..."

The next day, Sean looked completely exhausted when Eve called him over to pay her a visit. Her heart ached at the sight of him. "How are things going in the company, Sean?" Eve had assumed that all the company matters had been well-handled after hearing what Richard told her the day before. However, now that she saw the pale and grim expression on Sean's face...

Lyla's phone rang before Sean could say anything. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw the phone number. She had initially wanted to step outside to take the call, but she changed her mind. I don't have anything to hide. I should just pick it up here. "Hello?"

The voice on the other end of the call belonged to Leo. "Greetings, Miss Fisher. After hearing rumors about the Chase Group having some issues with their business, Director Hart has decided that he will have to further consider his decision to purchase the Chase Group's property on sale for the Hillville project."

"What?" Lyla's face fell immediately. However, before she could say anything more, the man simply hung up on her.

Meanwhile, Eve—who was extremely alert and vigilant toward any potential mishaps—immediately recalled what Lyla had told her before when she noticed the look on Lyla's face. "Did that big client of ours just change his mind?"

The look on Lyla's face made her seem as if she had just encountered a ghost. Instead of replying to Eve's question, Lyla simply turned toward Sean. "What exactly happened with the company, Sean?"

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 115

As he massaged his temples, Sean could feel a splitting headache coming on. Besides, the current situation in the company was a huge mess. "I might be remanded in custody for a few days because of the incident that happened two years ago during the restoration work on Marina Bay Bridge. There were a few deaths that happened then," he muttered.

"Seriously, what's going on?!" Eve yelled out as she felt her head spinning. At the sight of her losing her balance, Sean and Lyla clambered to her side immediately. They busied themselves putting pressure in between her eyebrows and slowly patting her on the back until she regained her composure. All through the process, Sean seemed troubled.

"Mom, there's no need to worry! I'll only be in custody for a couple of days, then Richard will get me out of there in no time. It's all just a mere formality, so you shouldn't fret," Sean uttered confidently.

However, there was a thunderous look on his face as he never expected this incident to resurface after such a long time. This was obviously an intentional move by one of their rivals to show him up. As such, he had no choice but to accept this and remain in custody for at least a few days.

"Why does it have to be you though?" Eve wailed as her tears dropped. "Can't you get someone else to take the fall for you? What if... What if you get implicated this time? Is this why? Is this the reason for—" Suddenly, Eve grasped Lyla's hand and said, "Is this the reason for us losing that potential client? We nearly closed the deal to sell that parcel of land!"

Lyla was momentarily shocked and speechless. Earlier, Leo had just mentioned to her that there was an issue regarding the company that needed to be resolved. Therefore, this had to be the issue he was talking about.

“But Sean! What’s going to happen to me and the company if you’re not here to hold the fort?” Eve was inconsolable.

Sean could feel his blood pressure spiking as his veins pulsated. “Mom, I promise! It will be only for a couple of days and I’ll be out in no time!”

“Sean...” Lyla bit on her lips nervously and asked, “What will happen to our potential client then? How can we maintain their trust? Wouldn’t it make more sense to find someone else to take the fall? If it’s just a matter of money, let’s go ahead with this plan.” The previous plan was assumed to be fool-proof. However, this unexpected situation came out of nowhere and ruined everything. Frankly, it was slightly nerve-wracking for Lyla.

Sean’s gaze flickered as he murmured, “I’m the person in charge of Chase Group, but besides me...”

“Tell me! Is there anyone else that can replace you? Let me know and I’ll go and plead for their help! Lyla is right! We can’t afford to have you in custody right now. It may be just for a few days, but the consequences will be ongoing. I can’t imagine what would happen to the company, and how are we supposed to deal with the aftermath?” Eve was frantic.

“Sean, I completely agree with Eve.” Lyla gripped her hands tightly as she spoke. “The company’s future is our utmost priority. Besides, you shouldn’t cause undue concern for Eve.” Lyla chose her words carefully.

“I know of someone else who can bear the responsibility...” Sean exhaled deeply and replied. He could feel a tight grip on his heart and it was uncomfortable for him to even take a deep breath. His thoughts ran wild as his mind went toward that woman. With an expressionless face, he took a deep breath and stated, “Myra can take the fall for me.”

On the next day, Myra met up with Estelle at her filming location.

Estelle was coincidentally on her break when Myra arrived. There was an annoyed look on Estelle’s face as Jack, her manager, tried his best to appease her. “My darling, Miss Langley, please don’t be upset! This is just Shawn’s way of showing his affections. Besides, you had trouble completing that previous scene too! The director looked quite annoyed with you with each outtake.”

Estelle scowled heavily. “Whatever it is, I’m not related to Shawn Hart! He has no right to decide on the type of movie I choose to be in! Besides, this is a romantic movie! How am I supposed to act in a romantic scene if he forbids any kind of intimacy at all? And don’t get me started on the director! Why did he go behind my back and agree to Shawn’s requests? This is wrong!” Estelle yelled, her face flushed red with anger. At the same time, she saw Myra walking toward her from afar, so she waved frantically at her friend. “Myra! I’m here!”

“What’s up? Why’re you in such a foul mood?” Myra asked with an indulgent smile on her face.

Estelle pouted her daintily-painted lips, and before she could say a word, Jack had butted in, "It's Shawn. He just visited us and decided to put a halt to all the intimate scenes involving Estelle. She's quite upset about this!"

Myra was caught by surprise, but then she quickly regained her composure. Teasingly, she said, "Darling, you should be thankful for the attention from Shawn. You know, every actress in town would kill to be in your position; they'd die to have Shawn showing concern for them. That's why you should be satisfied with what you have."

"Well, then how about yourself?" Estelle retorted. Despite being in the public eye, Estelle rolled her eyes at Myra and went on to say, "Myra, don't even think of making things up! I saw the photos of you and Tony Hart on the golf course. You two were practically wrapped around each other!"

Myra gaped at Estelle. Just as she was about to explain herself, Estelle interrupted her and gave her a sharp look. "Don't tell me you two are just friends! It's obvious that there's more than meets the eye! I can tell from the tabloid pictures taken from the golf course that the two of you are definitely more than friends!"

Feeling rather speechless, Myra halted her sentence, a wry smile on her face. Undeniably, that was what she was going to say. Despite everything, Tony behaved like a gentleman. Hence, she would continue regarding him as a friend. Other than that, she had no further wishful thoughts.

"Look at you! You've gone all silent again!" exclaimed Estelle as she reached over for a slice of apple. Giving Myra a sideways glance, she took a bite out of the apple and with her mouth

bulging, she continued, "How frustrating! If it were up to me, I would suggest that you go after him!"

As soon as the words left her mouth, Estelle realized she was such a genius. She was quite impressed with her own suggestion. Leaning toward Myra, Estelle peered at her with sparkling eyes and said, "Did you pay attention to what I just said? You must find a way to attract Tony then hold onto him! You'll never find another guy that's as good as him! Besides..."

With a chuckle, Estelle winked at Myra and mentioned, "Besides, I've got great news! Shawn just confided in me that Tony has decided to replace Lyla's position as the ambassador of the Sunny Bay Project, and I'll be the next ambassador. On top of that, from now onward, Hart Group will cease all future collaboration with Lyla!"

Does this mean Lyla will no longer be the ambassador of Hart Group? As soon as she heard that, Myra could feel her heart skip a beat. "Tony..."

"That's right!" Estelle gleefully interrupted Myra. She was on cloud nine and it was as if Tony had made all those decisions for her sake. "Tony's trying to win your favor! Once all this is finalized, Lyla will be out of the limelight and there won't be any more jobs left for her in this city. No one would dare to cross the path of Tony Hart! He's obviously trying hard to prove his sincerity to you."

Myra had a bewildered look on her face as she listened to Estelle's chatter. Then, she replied, "It's only one single endorsement. Besides, you've had multiple other ambassador

job offers, so why are you so easily impressed by this? What kind of bribery is this? What's more, this isn't set in stone yet, so what Shawn mentioned might not come true."

"That's right! It is bribery!" Estelle's eyes sparkled as she heard Myra's words. Ignoring the apple handed to her, she held Myra's hands and grinned widely. "Can I assume this is you admitting that he is trying to win your favor?"

Subsequently, Jack walked off to give the two girls some privacy. Myra bit on her lips with a frustrated expression on her face. Pursing her lips, she tilted her head to the other direction and muttered, "It was just a game. That's why I didn't take it for real. Why are you taking this so seriously?"

"Why not?!" Estelle looked at Myra with an indignant look on her face. "It's Tony Hart we're talking about! Do you reckon he's a player?"

Myra stiffened as she replied, "Well... No."

"Exactly!" Estelle reached out and poked Myra on her forehead. "You're such a blockhead! Promise me you'll seize this opportunity! You must call him as soon as possible. It's a good idea to be slightly reserved, but you shouldn't be too aloof either. However, judging by your expression, you must be quite aloof when you're around Tony! I'm actually quite impressed that he can tolerate this attitude of yours! Anyway, you have to call him right now. Ask him out on a dinner date! Go on!"